



THE FLIES GOT WISE

# The Lay of the Lonesome Lodger

Poor Thompson was weary. He'd been to a show,  
Because he'd no home, and had no place to go.

"No home," did we say? It is true he'd a "room,"  
But he dwelt there alone, in bachelor gloom.

He had one comfort left: it cheered him to think  
That when he got home he would have a good drink.

A bottle was always awaiting him there;  
(The label was *squint*, but the bottle was *square*!)

And now, as he thought of the flavor in store,  
He hurried his diggings-ward footsteps the more.

The bottle he'd "marked," and had placed on the shelf,  
To see if the "cat" had been helping herself.

But when he'd reached home, and had poured out his glass,  
He found that the flavor had altered, alas!

Right up to the "mark"—he was *sure* 'twas his own—  
The *contents* still reached—but the *flavor* had flown!

"Though *thin*," he exclaimed, "I declare it's 'too thick.'  
I'll alter my digs—to my whisky I'll stick!"

"It's 'up to the mark' in the *quantity*—yes;  
But, thanks to the water, the *quality's* less!"

"I wish that some genius would work with a will,  
To make a new bottle that wouldn't refill!"

Next morning he told his best friend of his woes.

"Why, look here," cried his friend, "right under your nose

"Is just what you're looking for. Read this new 'ad'  
A protective bottle at last can be had."

Cried Thompson: "New stopper! You can't pour it back!  
By Jove! I believe that they're on the right track!"

"And—luck double-headed!—old *Johnnie Walker*!  
Talk of 'good tidings'—this 'ad' is a talker!"

"Both 'Red' and 'Black' Labels—aged ten and twelve years—  
No more substitution! An end to my fears!"

## JOHNNIE WALKER

**RED Label** (Every drop over 10 years old) **BLACK Label** (Every drop over 12 years old)

To safeguard these ages, the policy of the distillers for the future  
is the same as their policy of the past.—First and foremost to see  
that the margin of stocks over sales is always large enough to maintain  
the unique quality.

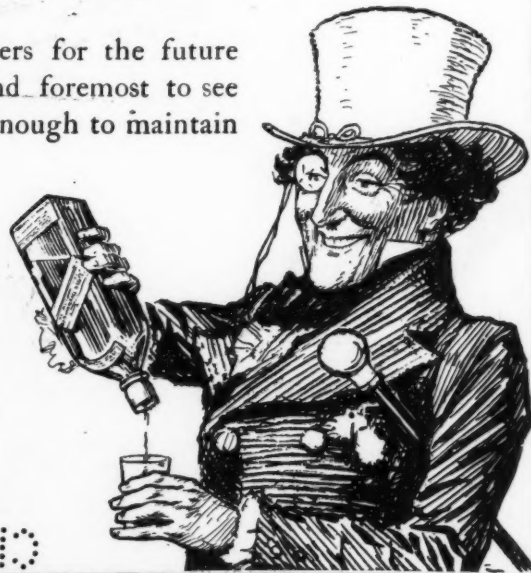
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**HOW TO POUR.**

Tilt the bottle quickly, nearly upside down. If the whisky  
does not flow freely, give the bottle a slight shake to set  
the valve in motion.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Johnnie Walker  
whisky in the new "Protective Bottle," send us a postal  
card with the name of your dealer, and we will see that you  
are supplied. Address:

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, Agents, 1158 Broadway,  
New York.



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## THE DEACON'S BOOTS.



OL' DEACON GRAY was 'flicted with  
The us'al orn'ry son;  
The good man purt' nigh lived at church,  
But the backslid son 'f a gun  
Of a boy 'ud loaf 'n th' seegar-store  
On Sunday, sayin' church was a bore—  
His morals was undone.



One Sabbath morn the Deacon vowed  
He'd keep thet boy to hum;  
So he hid his shoes (the cub snoozed late).  
"Without 'em he can't bum,  
He's jist this pair—he'll *be* to stay,"  
The Deacon said, an' went his way—  
He "guessed 't would hold him some."

But the kid dug up a cast-off pair  
O' his daddy's boots—hide leather—  
Thet 'd mosey'd a thousan' times to church  
In any ole kind o' weather  
'N' th' boots 'n' th' boy they made a start—  
Th' boy a-grinnin' 'n' feelin' smart—  
Fer the seegar-store together.

They went all hunk as fur 's the turn.  
To th' right the path then lay  
To th' seegar-store—but they turned to  
th' left!  
He grabbed th' fence in dismay!  
But kep' on goin' with pary a pause—  
Not a durned bit o' use to grip his claws—  
The pickets they give way!

An' them ole boots jist kep' the road  
They's us'd to trav'lin' o'er,  
A-zippin' 'long with a steady stride  
Straight up to th' meetin'-house door,  
An' down the ile to th' Amen pew—  
The folks all starin', the boy scart blue—  
'S they'd done so oft before.

An' when the preacher said: "Le's pray!"  
Them boots jist twisted roun',  
A-floppin' the youngster back side fore,  
Heels up as th' toes turned down,  
'S they'd allus done when they got th' cue—  
An' 'f you surmise I'm lyin' to you,  
Ask any galoot in town. J. P. G.



# To My Fashionable Love

LADY, if you love me true,  
As you say you do,  
Here 's a boon I beg of you  
With a spirit humble:  
Get me, lady, get me right,  
Prithee can that skirt so tight  
Which thy figure doth bedight—  
Lady, do you tumble?



Time was once you would n't  
balk  
At a stroll, and we would talk,  
Keeping step along the walk  
And across the cobble;  
Now, alas! you cannot keep  
Step at all—you scarcely creep.  
You who once could walk—  
(I weep)  
Now can only hobble.

I'll admit it fits you well,  
I'll admit it's something swell,  
But I have a tale to tell  
(Prithee don't mistake me)—  
In that garment's clinging clutch  
You cannot walk well or much,  
And with taxicabs and such,  
Lady, you will break me.

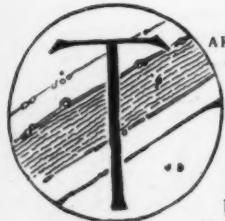
Time was once a trolley-car  
Served, when distances were far,  
Now the high step is a bar  
Of which you are wary.  
I would not your feelings hurt,  
But, I beg you, can that skirt  
Or I'll be—to put it curt—  
Far too broke to marry!

Berton Braley.



GORDON CHASE

## THE KINGLY BEAN.



TAKE NO fright, gentle Bostonian, at the oft-repeated reports that the bean-growers are forming a trust. Nor do you get any satisfaction from the news, also oft-repeated, that the bean-growers have decided not to form a trust. There may be trusts of sugar, trusts of meal, trusts of cotton, trusts of steel, trusts of this and trusts of that—but none on beans, you bet your hat.

The latest newspaper story concerning beans gives it that the Lima Bean Growers' Association of California has gone out of existence. Who cares? What, or who, is the lima bean? It is not The Bean. It may be a bean. But compared with The Bean it is a very small bean (as to its favor with the Gods), little more than a bean-lette, or near-bean. Not that the lima bean is a bad little bean. On the contrary it is, when considered by itself, a good little bean. But in comparison with The Bean, it looks cheap, tawdry—even digestible.

The Bean is a white bean. It is—yes, we may acknowledge—a tiny bean in size; but its horse-power is eighty and its cylinders number six. It is the bean proper; the bean generic, the bean that made New England famous, the bean of commerce, but more than of commerce—of love, life, death, faith, hope, charity, and the Muses. Pegasus was beanfed, and so were the best riders that ever sat him astride.

The Bean, or The True Bean, is sometimes called, by ignorant tradespeople, the pea-bean. What nonsense! As if a bean could be a pea, or a pea a bean! By some folks this King is called The White Bean. More nonsense! The Navy Bean is a white bean, but it is not regal, nor even princely. The True Bean, or Bean Plus, as it may be called, is notably unlike any other of the family. It is the only bean that truly mingles with and extends its delicate goodness to pork. Restaurateurs outside New England know this, and have the common decency, when serving the spurious article, to call their product "pork with beans" or "beans with pork." But in Boston, while the Government still lives, it shall be pork'n'beans, and not otherwise.

## VIEWPOINTS.

CRAWFORD.—That old doctor of mine advised me to take up golf.  
CRABSHAW.—I always told you he didn't know what he was talking about. You would n't make a player in a hundred years.



## GOOD GUESS.

VISITOR.—She is always boasting how she takes advantage of every opportunity.

MRS. NEWRICH (trying to be brilliant).—Yes. To hear her talk one might think she had the key to Time's forelock.



STYLE.



WOMAN always looks pathetic,  
With an air apologetic,  
Though she bravely tries to flaunt a careless smile,  
When the others are all staring  
At the last year's suit she's wearing  
And the hat she knows is sadly out of style.

But the feeling 's merely human,  
And is not confined to woman.  
May I ask you just to stop and think awhile?  
Don't you feel yourself like hiding  
When invited to go riding  
In a motor-car that 's badly out of style?

And, regarding this same passion  
For appearing in the fashion,  
Why, a country beats a woman by a mile;  
For the depth of degradation  
To a thriving, modern nation  
Is to use a battleship that 's out of style!

Walter G. Doty.

THE STENOGR.

W H Y, hello, Mildred! Whodevera thought-a meetin' you here!  
Eat here every day? My! You must have a swell salary; they  
charge somethin' fierce. An' if you don't leave somethin' for the waitress  
you better not come again if you want anything to eat.  
Still an' fer all it ain't as bad as some. Oh, I wasn't  
very hungry to-day. I just had some pea-soup—  
an' say, didjer ever see such small rolls as they hand  
out? An' I could hardly see the butter that  
come with mine.



I rully otta be gettin' back, but I guess I'll  
order somethin' else and talk to you for a few  
minutes. Bring me a chocklit acclair, please.  
I ben out an hour a'ready, but I don't care.  
Um goin' t' leave Sa'erday. Oh, the cashier in  
that place is too fresh. He gimme a *nauseful*  
call-down yestiddy right before the head boss,  
and then they went into the private ofus and  
laffed and laffed. I felt fierce! An' when he  
come out again I says t' him, I says, "Mr. Boigen,"

I says, "I'll not be here after this week." Jus' like that. An' he says,  
"No, I feared as much, Miss Schaefer." Whuddo you think o' that?  
"No," I says, "I'd rather be a private seckertary," I says. "I don't  
think the importing business would ever suit me." Y' know, Mildred,  
you gotta loin so many  
tecknuckle toims an' things  
—an' anyway I don't like  
it. I'm sure that letter he  
gimme the call-down about  
I wrote it just like what he  
dictated. I will say, *that*  
fer myself, I'm ackerate.  
'Course, he likes to show  
off when the boss is around  
an' dictate so fast *nobody*  
could take it, but when he  
goes reasonable I don't  
have no trouble. An' I  
*can* read my notes—'most  
always. There's times—  
you know how it is—an'  
some of 'em use such  
queer woids anyway—an'  
they don't always speak  
plain—an' allowance otta  
be made for new-begin-  
ners anyhow. Y' can't  
get onto everything all at  
once, an' this only the  
fourth job I've had. Why,  
I only ben out o' business  
college six months! An' every  
time I accept a new position I  
gotta loin a lotta new things.  
Takes time.



READY TO SERVE.

THE LION.—Come out here, ma! Here's another of those newfangled  
breakfast-foods!



I like Geography because th' book is big an' wide,  
An' I can hide "Dare-Devil Dick, the Demon Scout," inside.

It wouldn't be so bad if I didn't care—like some—but I'm sensu-  
tuv. I can't stand it to be laffed at. An' when the boss looked at that  
letter an' made some funny crack about "livenin' things up" an' "trained  
seals" an' "reg'lar vawdyville around here," I never felt so insulted in  
my life, an' I just made up my mind ter leave!

The idear o' Mr. Boigen sayin' he "never dictated it that way!"  
"Why," I says t' him, "here it is in black and white in my note-book,  
Mr. Boigen," I says, an' I *showed* it to um—"performing invoice!"

He give the letter to Miss Higgins to write over, an' she showed me  
where she had wrote "pro forma invoice"—whatever that means. I will  
say this for Miss Higgins, she *never* laffs at *anything*. She's ben with the

foim eleven years. She's  
awful plain. She mostly  
does the boss's letters. I  
heard they give her a  
month's vacation every  
summer, but I don't b'leeve  
it—do you? I asked her  
if she ever thought of being  
a private seckertary, an' if  
she heard of a job like that  
would she lemme know.

A lady frien' o' mine 's  
got a innamut frien' 's a  
private seckertary, an' say,  
it's a snap! She don't  
hardly take no dictation at  
all. The boss just tells her  
what t' say and she writes  
the letters herself. Say!  
That's what I'd like. An'  
the hours would be shorter.  
This takin' dictation 's aw-  
ful tiresome. I'd like it a  
lot better to be a private  
seckertary an' write the let-  
ters meself. That's the  
kin' of a job I'm goin' to  
look for now. Well, good-  
by, Mildred. I gotta be goin'  
back. Don't I wisht it was  
Sa'erday! Maude Lindsay.

**F**or a thing that springs mostly from badly digested misinformation, public  
sentiment is amazingly often right.

## HERE AND THERE IN THEATRE-LAND.



### "Snow White."

You will find the audiences who come to see "Snow White" at the Little Theatre are part children and part dignified grown-ups who have brought a child or two along merely as an excuse to see the fairy-tale play themselves. "Snow White" is primarily a children's show, however. It has none of the symbolism that made "Peter Pan" and "The Blue Bird" more for older theatre-goers than for the youngsters. Also, it has no white-tighted choristers—the backbone of the Christmas pantomime—to attract the Johnny element. "Snow White" is a real children's show, played for children—and for the most

part by children, and why managers have heretofore neglected this big portion of the theatre-going public has long been a mystery to many. Certainly Mr. Ames has supplied a long-felt want, as you will see for yourself by dropping into the Little Theatre some afternoon and watching the kids in the audience enjoying themselves.

Marguerite Clark plays *Snow White* in exactly the right key. The others in the cast, from youngsters to grown-ups, are good. The stage-settings alone are worth the price of admission. *W. E. Hill.*

### "RECOMEMBERED."



**Y**ES, this is the little burg in which I first saw the light of day," said P. Parker Edwards to the party of city friends he had brought to Pokeville in his big touring-car. "I have n't been in the old town for fully fifteen years, and I doubt if there are many here who will remember me. Just for the fun of the thing I'll ask that old duffer leaning against that barn by the roadside if he remembers me."

A moment later he was saying to the "old duffer:"

"Don't remember me, do you, Uncle? Put on your thinking-cap and best specs and see if you can figure out who I am."

The "old duffer" readjusted his specs, peered sharply at Mr. P. Parker Edwards for a moment, and then said as he held out a horny hand:

"Recomember you! Why I knowed you the minnit I got a good squint at you! Never saw no one but a Ed'ards with a nose like yours, an' if you ain't Petey Ed'ards I miss my guess. H' are you, Pete? Lawd, if you ain't the livin' immidge o' your old gran'dad Ed'ards! Got his nose right over an' over. Recomember you? Why, Petey, I recomember how

you uster come sparkin' my girl Maggie, an' I reckon you know well as I do how she turned you down for Jabe Simpson, an' she ain't ever been sorry. La! But Jabe would make two of you in heft. You Ed'ardses allus was a pindlin' lot. You recomember how when you was a boy here you was so thin the boys uster say that when you had a pain you could n't tell if it was in your back or in your stummick? You recomember how——"

"I guess I'll be driving on, for——"

"What's the rush? You recomember the time you went to see Suze Puggsley, an' her dad's bull-pup come at you an' you clim' a tree an' yelled for help, an' you was so plum scared Suze's brother Bob had to go home with you? I've heard Bob tell how you bawled all the way home. Haw, haw, haw! You recomember how you an' your brother Hen had only one good pair o' pants between you, and how you drewed cuts to see which one of you should have 'em to wear to Lil Todhunter's taffy-pull? An' you got 'em an' nigh about ruined 'em by settin' down on a plate o' hot taffy? Recomember that? If you don't, lots o' people in this village does. An', say——"

"I really must go on, and——"

"Hold on, hold on! Don't be snatched! Let's reminis some more! You recomember the trouncin' the school-teacher give you for writin' "

"If you love me as I love you  
No knife could cut our love in two,"

an' then passin' it on to Lib Tubbs? Hey? Recomember that? Recomember how the teacher made you come out an' read it to the whole school, an' the girls all p'inted their fingers at you an' you took to bawlin'? Then I reckon you ain't forgot how old Dave Prossett lit'rally tuk you across his knee an' spanked you the night you went over to his house to beau Sally Prossett to a play party. You recomember how—— Well, I reckon he diskivered that I recomembered him a blamed sight more than he thought I would!" *M. W.*

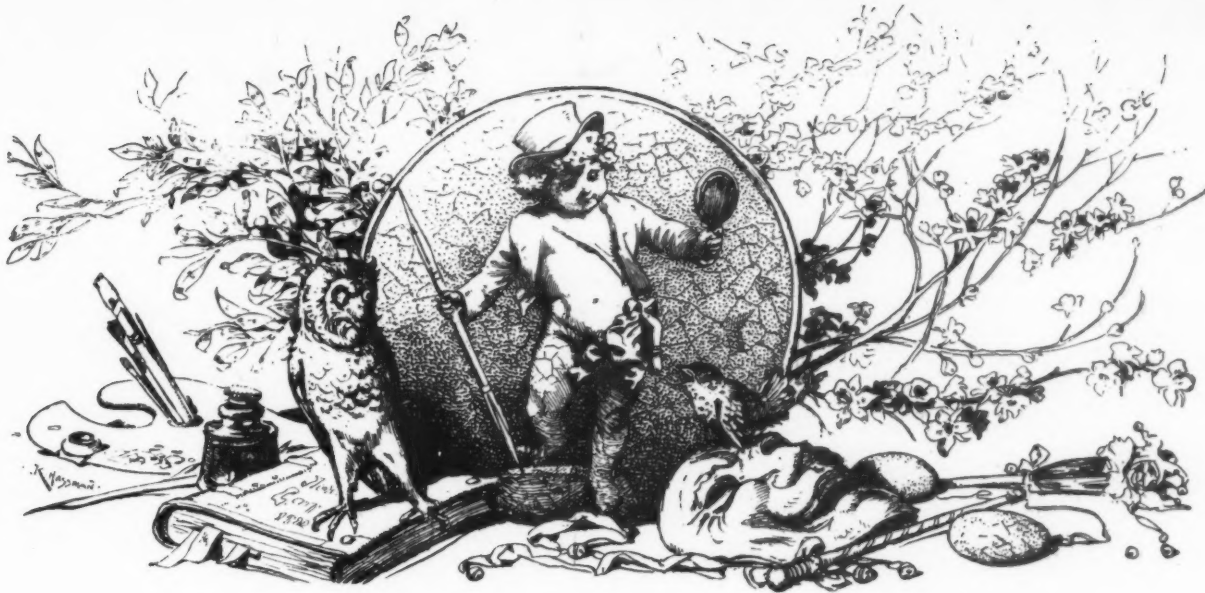


### IN ALCOHOL.

"How old is Bobby Van Lush?"  
"Bobby's about thirty-five."  
"Deuced well preserved, Bobby is. He does n't look a day over fifty!"

**D**oing good by stealth and having it found out by accident does n't produce as quick results as hiring a press-agent.





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## Cartoons and Comments

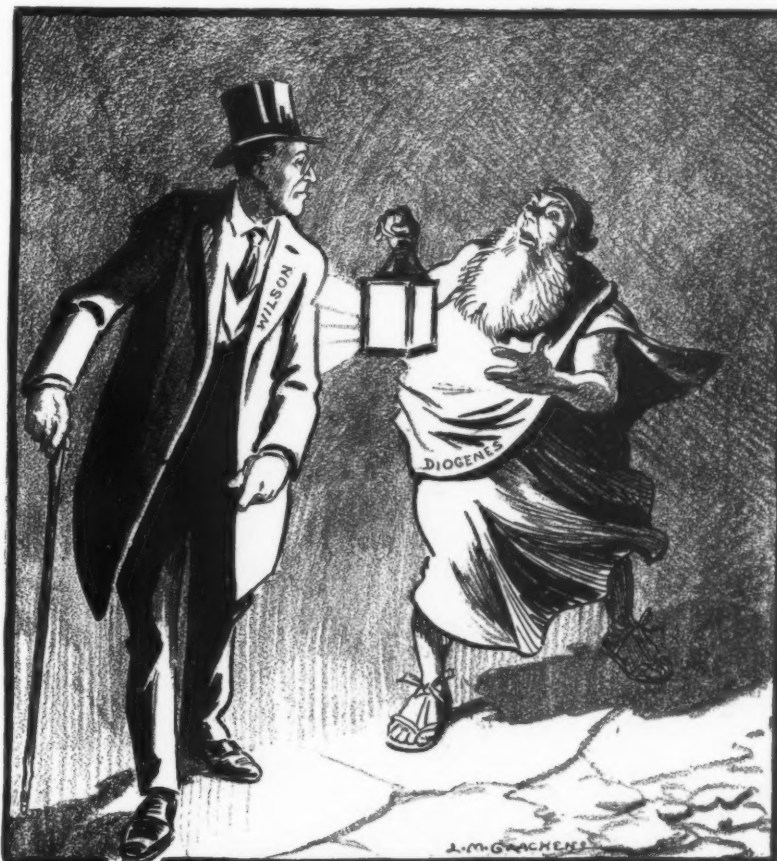
### AMBITION AND CONCENTRATION.

**B**ANKER GEORGE F. BAKER thinks that the concentration of wealth in a few hands "has gone about far enough." Also, that the power possessed by Mr. MORGAN, himself, and a small group of other gentlemen might wreck the country should it ever fall into the hands of men who were "ambitious." With this alarming thought in mind it is soothing to reflect that the present custodians of wealth are notoriously lacking in initiative and ambition. Take Mr. BAKER's bank, for instance. It has made \$80,000,000 in profits on an original investment of \$500,000. An ambitious man or group of men might not have been satisfied with returns that were merely reasonable.

**THE Army Canteen question** has bobbed up again in Washington, and there are optimists who hope that it will be settled right at last. Figures have been submitted which prove that the abolition of the canteen was a calamity so far as the moral and physical health of the army goes, and as usual army officers and army doctors are willing and eager to give testimony which may aid in re-establishing it. But this is nothing new, alas! The army knows that the canteen is a good thing, physicians with army experience know that it is, Congress knows that it is, yet the step to restore it is not taken. In other lines of legislation the advice of experts is asked for and heeded. Bankers are consulted if the legislation proposed affects banking. Manufacturers are consulted if it is the tariff which

is at issue. Ship owners and operators, if it is the merchant marine. But in the case of the canteen the experts who know all about it, its advantages and its desirability, know also that they are simply talking against time; that Congress will hear them and privately agree with them, and then—then accept the judgment of their opponents whose specialties are good intentions and absolute ignorance. It may be different this time, but—

**EVERY now and then a Duke of This-and-That or Lord So-and-So** comes across with an interview in which he deplores the coming fate of Great Britain. There is no hope for it. It is going to the dogs. All the really decent people, you know, are leaving it to its fate. And the reason is **LLOYD GEORGE**. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has extremely radical ideas on the subject of taxation, and his pet notion, and one which is exceedingly distasteful to the Duke of This-and-That and Lord So-and-So, is that 1913 taxes should be based on something more equitable than 1513 valuations. Because of such a disturbing element in its midst, England is headed for destruction. The only embarrassing feature of the situation—embarrassing, that is, to the gloomy prophets of disaster—is that with every Government report British trade, both import and export, is shown to be steadily on the increase. British trade shows a singular lack of consideration.



"TAKE MY LANTERN. YOU NEED IT MORE THAN I DO."

"I am under bonds to the people of the United States. The man who does not hold their interests dearer than his own I cannot admit into my counsel."—WOODROW WILSON to Chicago Business Men.

**DEAF-MUTES** have again been shocked by reading the lip motions of actors in moving-picture plays, films which were thought to be highly proper and edifying. This item shows up in the daily news with great regularity, and if the lines which the actors speak are as naughty as the deaf-mutes say they are, the talented company ought to quit making movies and get a New York engagement.

**A STOCK EXCHANGE** seat was sold the other day for \$53,000, the lowest previous price having been \$55,000. Thus do Messrs. PUJO and UNTERMYER bear the market.

THE TOMB OF MAUSOLUS.

THE PHAROS OF ALEXANDRIA.

THE STATUE OF JUPITER.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD



THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT

THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.



THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.

THE WORLD ACCLAIM THE EIGHTH!

# Modern Warfare



THE baseball pitcher describes the post-season game for the newspaper which bids highest for his literary services. The prize-fighter himself tells, under his own signature, the blood-curdling story of how he stopped or was stopped in the tenth round. The football hero lets us know, in simple but manly language, just how the dead and wounded of the gridiron came by their injuries.

Why not carry the idea along a step further? It is in keeping with progress. It is the integration of industry, as economists say. Let the great generals describe, for some favorite newspaper, how they won or lost the battle of the day before. To show just how the thing might be done, a sample of the proper style is appended hereto:

## THE BATTLE OF NINCOMPOOPO.

General Killumoff, special correspondent of the New York *Morning Star*, and leader of the Allied Troops against the Turks, modestly describes the greatest battle of modern times, which took place yesterday (as exclusively predicted in the *Morning Star*) along the banks of the Jumpin River.

(Copyright, 1913, by the Morning Star Pub. Co.)

BY GENERAL MICHELOFF KILLUMOFF.

Well, we won the fight. The other fellows were good; they gave us a pretty hard time; but we had the better men. I don't want people to give me any credit for what we did. The credit belongs to my fine soldiers and to the *Morning Star*. And right here I want to say to the American people that without the generous aid of the *Morning Star* the Turks would now be eating dinner in Bangwhangia. Too much credit can not be given to your splendid newspaper.

As I wired you yesterday, and you printed exclusively, I had made my plans to meet the enemy on the right bank of the Jumpin. A good many people who have followed the fight-game for years insisted that the left bank would be better; but I knew that I had the proper dope. I want no credit for having the proper dope, however. It was bull luck; that is, except for the part played by the *Morning Star's* able corps of correspondents, who guided me at every turn and were always ready with kindly advice as to the proper tactics and manœuvres to be followed.

And right here let me tell you an amusing incident that happened during the battle. I was all out of cigarette paper. I had a bag of None-So-Good, but no papers. At the moment when

I was in black despair, a young man, who proved to be a correspondent for your newspaper, came galloping up, covered with dust. He saw my perplexity

and asked what ailed me. "I have n't the makings," I replied. "That is, I have the tobacco, but no paper." "Queer," said he, "I have the paper but no tobacco." And so, with the shells flying over us, hissing as they sped, we swapped tobacco for paper. And then this fearless young man made a most humorous remark, which cheered me up, and may have had much to do with the victory. "Let me have your tobacco, General," he said.

"I am a newspaper man, and I shall put it in the paper." I laughed heartily, and two hours afterward the Turks were flying in all directions and my men were singing a pæan of victory.

How was the battle won? I cannot tell you that. You see, battles are strange things. Sometimes they are almost won, and again not quite. It depends upon many circumstances, of which the weather, food, clothing, and other things may be mentioned.

I feel genuinely sorry for the poor fellows whom we were obliged to defeat. I don't want to take away a bit of the credit due them. They are good sportsmen, and

as fast on their feet as any men I ever saw. I think the trouble was with their training.

Our training is, as perhaps you know, severe. I would not have a man in my army who could not run a mile before breakfast. My soldiers also are great lovers of prunes. In fact, I attribute our success in this war largely to prunes, which formed an important part of our daily rations.

My heart goes out to the widows and orphans left by this deadly struggle. Permit me to say that the proposal of your splendid newspaper to take up a collection for these unfortunates meets with my entire approval. I am sure my people at home will agree with me in this expression of sentiment.

How do I feel? As well as ever.

Perhaps better. I rose this morning at the usual hour, none the worse for the heavy fighting done by my soldiers yesterday. I ate sparingly, ran my usual mile, and you can say for me that I am ready to go through it again at a moment's notice.

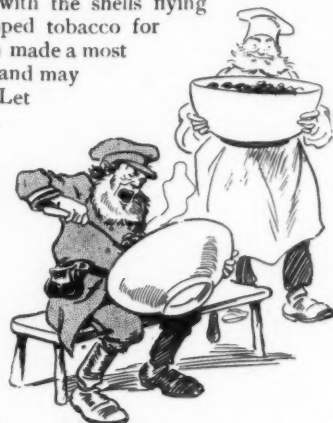
What shall we do next?

That I cannot tell you at the moment. I believe the Turks are beaten beyond the hope of reformation. I shall probably close the war, with the assistance of the *Star's* correspondents, by blowing up a few forts and burning a few unimportant villages, and then go home to my family in Bangwhangia. I am very fond of my dear wife and my children, you know.

Shall I write a book about this war? I am considering that matter seriously. I am not a literary man; probably I am a better warrior than author, but I feel that my many friends on both sides of the Atlantic wish to know directly from me how the recent campaigns were conducted. Several prominent publishers have asked me to sign with them, but you may state unqualifiedly that I have not committed myself as yet in any manner whatsoever.

To the American people, the finest sportsmen in the world, and to the *Morning Star* and its generous proprietor in particular, let me extend my heartfelt thanks for the treatment I have received. In the depths of despair I have been cheered by your good fellowship and constant support. I shall never forget it; nor will the people of Bangwhangia, where I reside.

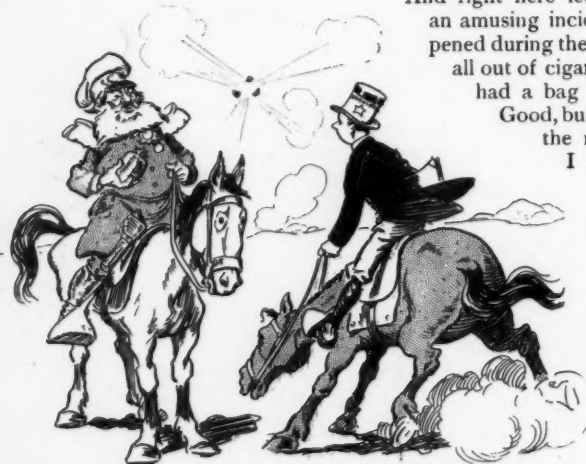
Freeman Tilden.



"My soldiers also are great lovers of prunes."



"The *Morning Star's* able corps of correspondents guided me at every turn."



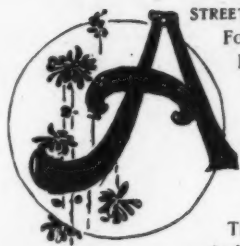
"And so, with the shells flying over us, we swapped tobacco for paper."

Symbolism is where a fish story is too big to believe, and yet too useful to go into the discard.



BALLAD OF ALMOND CHICKEN.

(AFTER WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.)



STREET there is in Gotham famous  
For many things, both good and bad,  
I shall not tell you what its name is  
Or folks would call this song an "ad."  
A restaurant most Oriental  
Stands on this street (the sign-boards thicken),  
A Chinese cook, most temperamental,  
Doth there prepare his Almond Chicken.

The yellow waiters gravely greet you  
And lead you to an inlaid chair,  
And with Celestial bows they seat you  
And bring your rice and chopsticks there.  
Then soon a covered dish they bring you,—  
Aha! It makes the pulses quicken,  
For there's the viand that I sing you—  
The magic dish of Almond Chicken!

Let Thackeray rave in verse ecstatic  
About his "smoking bouillabaisse,"  
I say, in manner most emphatic,  
It simply is n't in the race.  
The chef who made that dainty Gallic  
With envious rage and grief would  
sicken,  
Knowing, in mood most melancholic,  
He could not equal Almond Chicken!

The tender white-meat of a broiler,  
With celery and bamboo shoots,  
And mushrooms—gathered by the toiler  
Around some forest monarch's roots;  
Then almonds, shelled and roasted neatly,  
The tasty dish are very thick in,  
A sauce I can't describe completely—  
And there's your dish of Almond  
Chicken!

The savor's delicate—and thrilling  
Each palate-nerve with keen delight,  
And though it's moderately filling  
One eats with coming appetite.  
French cooks, avault! Let others praise you!  
You cannot make my pulses quicken,  
I see your bouillabaisse—and raise you  
Beyond your skill—with Almond Chicken!

Berton Bracey.



THE SUPERIOR MIND.

THE INEBRIATED ONE.—Gee! Thersesh a poor frozhen boob! Glad  
I got shensh 'nough to keep movin'!

AMBULANT.

SOMEWHERE in the wide world there are 14,768 men and women who are "walking around the world on a bet." The story never changes. All of them are to win \$50,000 if they return to their starting-places within five years. None of them may accept aid upon their journey. They are all, however, permitted to cross the oceans on steamships. Many of them are bearing letters to the Mayor of Here and the Governor of There. All, or nearly all, are closely related to influential people. Hardly any of them but are doing it "just for the fun of it."

It would be interesting to know something about the after-life of these people who walk around the world. Do they get the money? No newspaper has ever carried the information that the \$50,000 was actually paid over. Do they keep on walking around the world "just for the fun of it"? What benefit accrues to them from winning the wager, assuming that the men who bet the \$50,000 were just "betting for the fun of it"?

Is their conversation as interesting as you might expect to be that of a man who had circumnavigated the globe on shoe leather? Do they see all that we have seen by means of a set of J. K. Doddard's "Pictorial History of the World"?

The chances are that the conversation of a man who had walked around the world on a bet would be something like this: "Yes, the roads in France are the best I ever saw. They are, however, rather hard on the feet. Leaving France, I entered Germany, where I was bothered somewhat by small pebbles strewn along the highways. The Russian roads are very muddy. Russia is a great country, being 12,000 miles long. Shoes are very dear in India. Leaving Bombay, I found a soft road, of dark-red clay, leading to my next stopping-place. I passed an ox-wagon near Rangoon, and the driver shouted to me, but I had no time to answer as I had to be back in London within five years. There is a fine museum in Paris, but I could not stop to see it. I passed within several miles of the Taj Mahal, but naturally I was in a hurry to be going onward." Etc., Etc.



CAMILLE! CAMILLE!

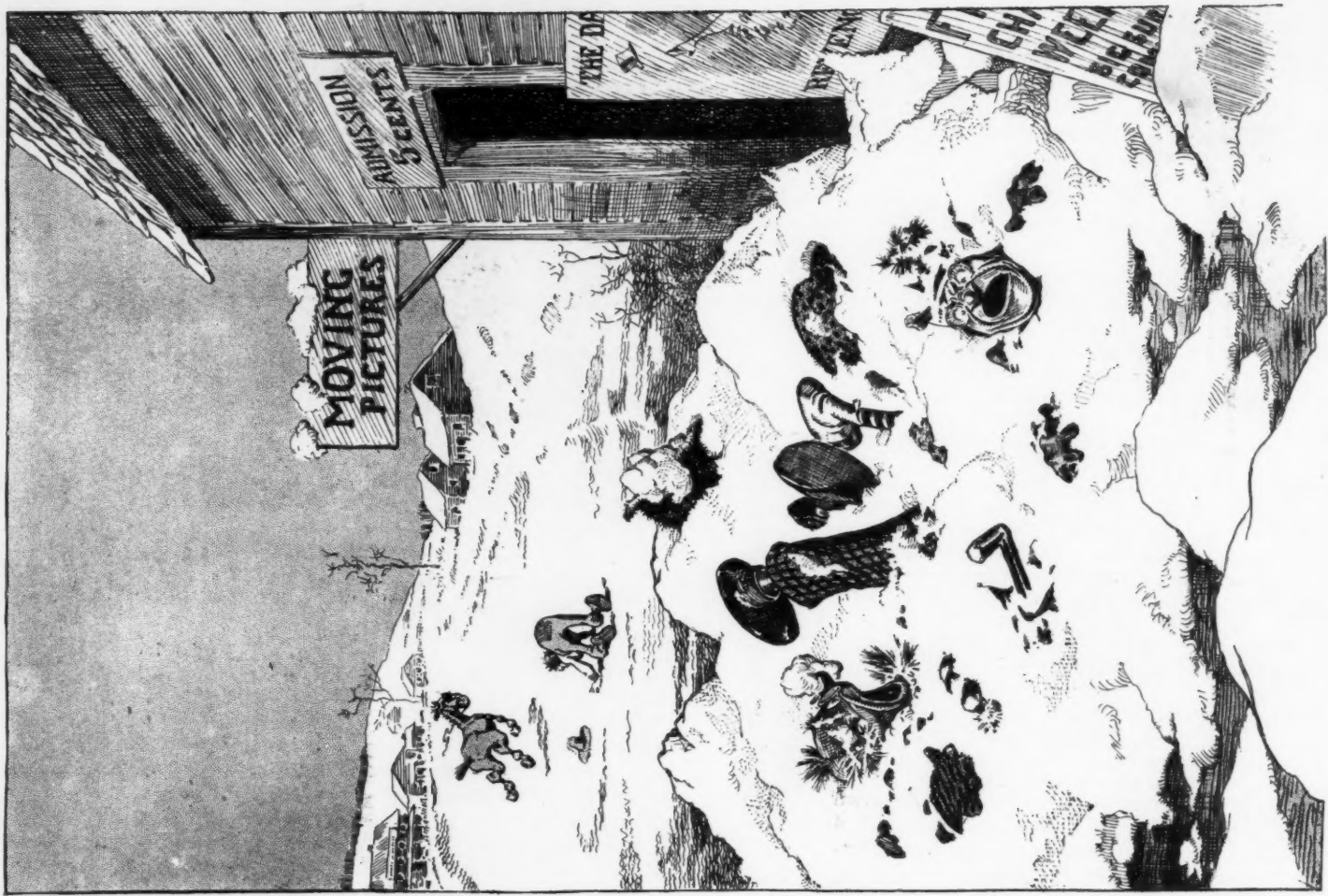
MANAGER (breaking it gently).—See here, Etta, could n't you arrange to die of apoplexy in the last act? You don't look a bit like a lunger!

SEEING is believing, but for all that the wide-awake man is not the most credulous of mortals.

A JANUARY THAW.



OLD SQUIRE HORNBREAK. — Well, well! If they ain't got movin' picts here in town! What next?



THIS!

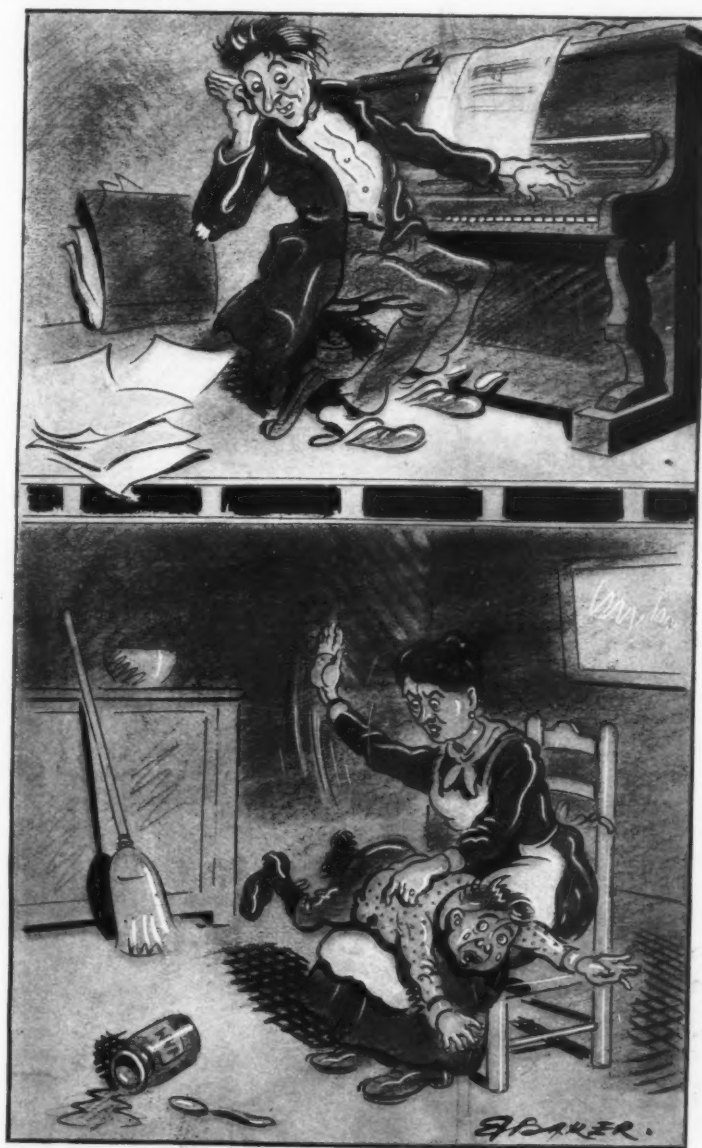


## THE ULTIMATE NOTHING.



HERE are many ways to dissipate your financial surplus if you feel so inclined. Most people need no guide-book in the matter. One of the simplest, surest, and least troublesome methods is to wrap your money in a newspaper, carry it to the nearest wharf, and drop it into the water. If the embarrassing wealth be of paper money, an ordinary furnace will be found convenient and illuminating. Or you may, if you wish to be a little more roundabout, though as certain, start a magazine.

But in the struggle to see who can spend the greatest amount of money with the least possible return the daily newspapers seem to be running neck and neck for first honors. This does not refer to their product as a whole, though that may be said to hit very near the mark; it refers rather to that time-honored custom of hiring war-correspondents. If there be any expenditure of money less productive of results than the sending of a war-correspondent to a modern war we should be pleased to know more of that remarkable waste. During the struggle between the Russians and Japanese several hardy newspaper representatives got so near the front, it is true, that they were able to get

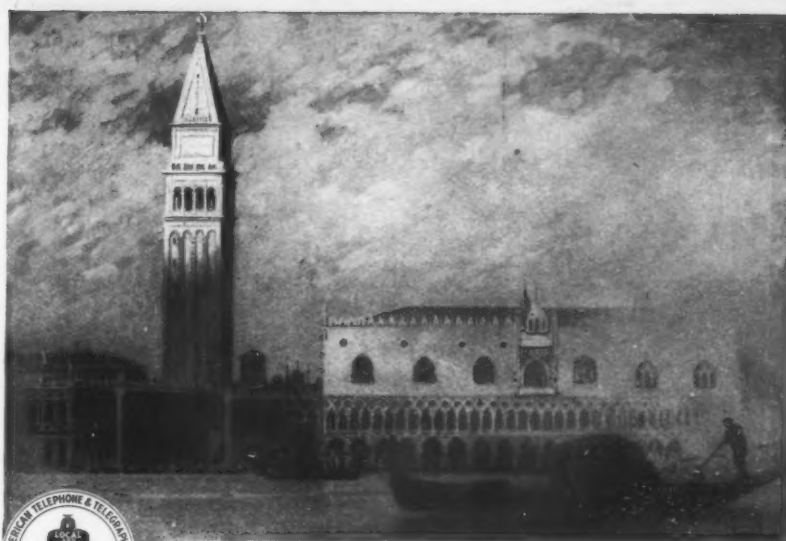


AFTER MANY YEARS.

IMPOVERISHED COMPOSER.—Ha! Success at last! Zey applaud me below!!

the latest news almost as soon as anybody else in the world. Barring those who were personal friends of General Nogi, some thirty-five in number, and who messed with the Japanese strategists, the height of combativeness witnessed by the representatives of American journals was a dog-fight in one of the back streets in Tokio. Not that their description of this event was uninteresting. On the contrary. But, though wonderful, it was not war.

In the more recent encounters between Turks and Allies, the war-correspondents were even worse off. The generals, far from taking them into their confidence, left them to find out what they could, just as if they had been mere reporters. Not a single flag was hauled down by a newspaper man. Not a single general came to the Fourth Estate for advice as to what he might next do. The war was conducted practically without any assistance from the newspapers. An honored employment has gone forever. Only the expense-bill remains.



## Seven Million Watch-Towers in the Bell System

The original campanili were the watch-towers of old Venice, guarding the little republic from invasion by hostile fleets.

Later, bells were mounted in these same towers to give warning of attack and celebrate victories.

Judged by modern telephone standards, such a system of communication seems crude and inadequate.

In the civilization of today a more perfect intercommuni-

cation is essential to national safety, convenience and progress.

The Bell System binds together a nation of nearly one hundred million people, by "highways of speech" extending into every nook and corner of this great country.

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WALK!"

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NEW YORK—290 Broadway

## THE CLOWN ON THE ICE.



I.  
THIS ISN'T

## EVEN WORSE.

"You can't imagine," said the musical young woman, "how distressing it is when a singer realizes that she has lost her voice."

"Perhaps not," replied the plain man, "but I've got a fair idea how distressing it is when she doesn't realize it."—*Tit-Bits*.

## ENCOURAGEMENT.

"Do you think," inquired the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass, "that my revival services are having any practical effect?"

"Yes, some," acknowledged Deacon Southpaw. "The last sugar I bought of Grocer Smith was only two ounces short."—*Lippincott's*.

## A TREAT COMING.

SON.—Say, mamma, father broke this vase before he went out.

MOTHER.—My beautiful majolica vase! Wait till he comes back, that's all.

SON.—May I stay up till he does? —*Fliegende Blätter*.

## INFLATED—PUNCTURED.

"Our college won."

"They did? Rah! Rah! Rah! What did they win?"

"The debate."

"Oh, pshaw!"—*Washington Herald*.

## DEFENDING HER.

"Papa, mamma says that one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"Well, she shouldn't blame herself, dear; it isn't her fault."—*Houston Post*.

## BETTER PUT.

GERTRUDE.—Do you see that man over there? I won a pair of silk stockings from him on the game. Wasn't that one on him, though?

JACK.—Why, I should say it was two on you.—*Chaparral*.

## Bar-Keepers Friend Metal Polish



Geo. W. Hoffman Co. Indianapolis, Ind.

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Entirely At Our Own Risk—To Prove It

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So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluette Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 12 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-strap and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless.

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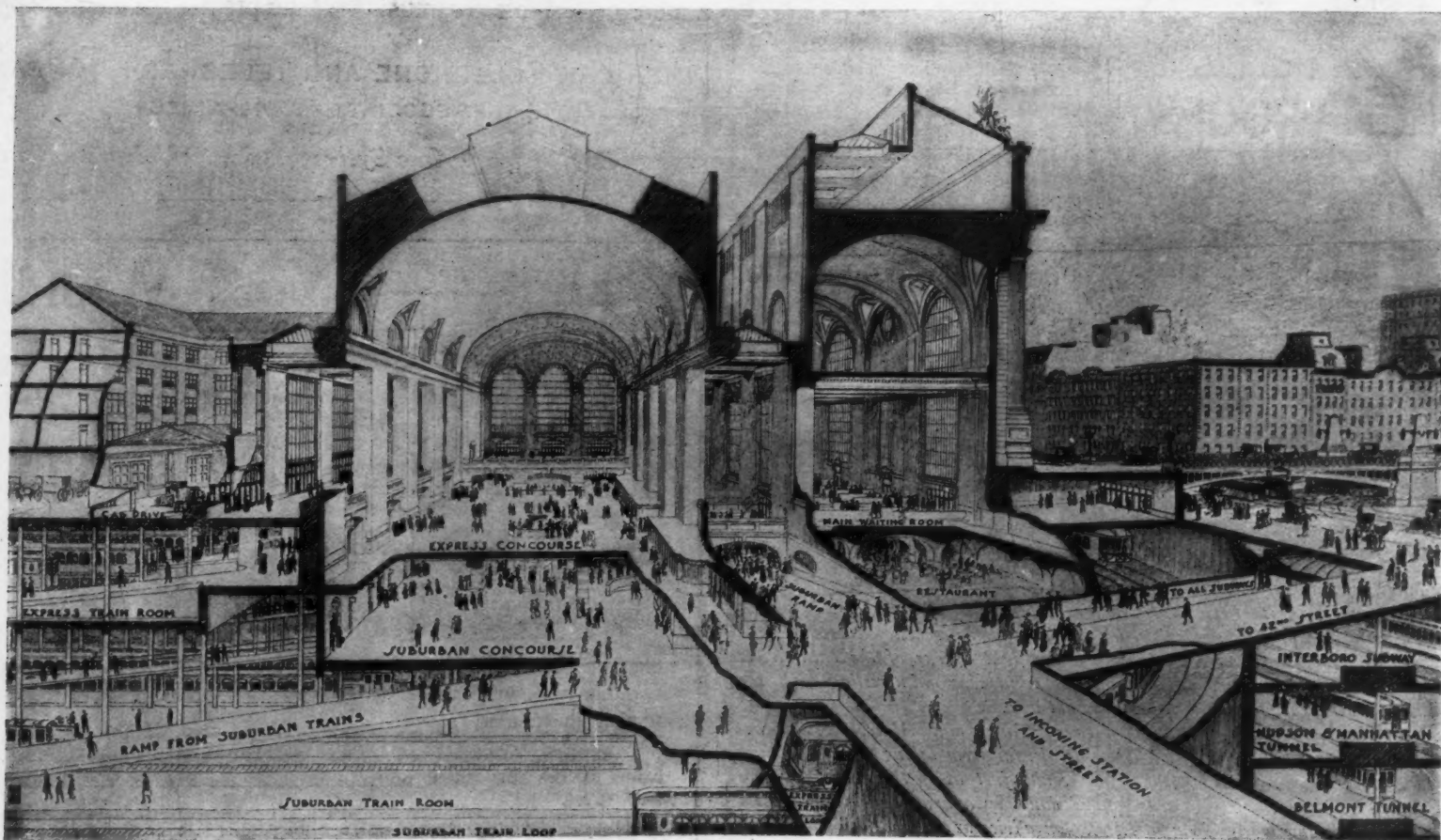
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II.  
—THE WAY IT GOES!

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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SECTIONAL VIEW OF MAIN BUILDING, SHOWING INCLINED WALKS OR "RAMPS."



# Pears'

Learn to say "Pears" when you ask for soap. There are other soaps, of course, but Pears' is best for you and matchless for the complexion.

You can buy Pears' everywhere.

"WAITAH," said Colonel Clay, as he glanced around the dining-room of the big hotel, "you-all kin bring me a Kentucky breakfast."

"And what is that, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Bring me a big steak, a bulldog, and a quart of Bourbon whisky."

"But why do you order a bulldog?" asked the waiter.

"To eat the steak, suh," replied the Colonel.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.



III.

THIS IS N'T THE WAY, EITHER.

MANY a pensive maid becomes an expensive wife.—*The Tatler*.

## PUCK PROOFS

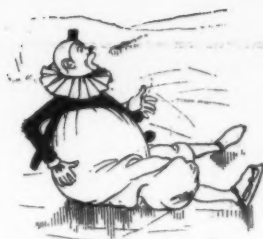
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IV.

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SAFE, GENTLE, EFFECTIVE, FOR RELIEF OF  
**RHEUMATISM**  
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### MUDDLED.

The lecturer arose and said impressively: "Every time I see a young man coming out of a saloon, I want to go right up to that young man and say: 'Turn right around, young man; you're going the wrong way.'" —*New York Mail*.



### The Man Who Put the EEs in FEET

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### TAKING NO CHANCES.

Tracy had received many invitations from Mr. Sweet to run down to the country for a few days, and finally availed himself of the privilege, says *Harper's Magazine*.

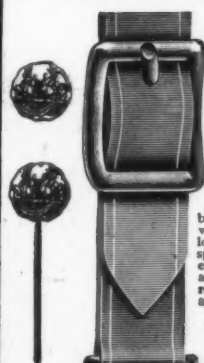
After dinner the two men were sitting on the veranda, smoking and talking.

"Your wife is a brilliantly handsome woman, Sweet," said Mr. Tracy, enthusiastically. "I should think you'd be jealous of her."

"Well, you see, Tracy," said the host, "I am, but I never invite any one down here that any sane woman would take a fancy to."

Tracy is thinking yet.

### You like to HUNT and FISH



### You like to go CAMPING—

then surely you will enjoy the *National Sportsman* magazine, with its 160 richly illustrated pages, full to overflowing with interesting stories and valuable information about guns, fishing tackle, camp outfits—the best places to go for fish and game, and a thousand and one valuable "How to" hints for sportsmen. The *National Sportsman* is just like a big camp fire in the woods where thousands of good fellows gather once a month and spin stirring yarns about their experiences with rod, dog, rifle and gun. Think of it, twelve round trips to the woods for a \$1.00 bill.

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*National Sportsman Magazine*, 78 Federal St., Boston.

## FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—



V.

AH, NOW I HAVE IT!

—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### FOR HIS ENTERTAINMENT.

"What's daughter doing?"

"Making shrimp salad."

"I didn't know we had any shrimp in the house."

"We haven't, but there is one coming to call on her this evening, I expect."

—*Houston Post*.

GOOD OLD I.W.  
**HARPER**  
WHISKEY

*Famous  
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For its exquisite flavor.  
The choice of all men  
who know good whiskey.

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"WHAT did you do when he kissed you; holler for help?"  
"No. I hollered for witnesses."—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer*.

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